

## TV DEMONSTRATIONS IN YOUR HOME

Before buying Television, get the right atmosphere. See (and hear) it in your own home without obligation. Write, phone or call—we will do the rest.

RADIO . . . TELEVISION  
ELECTRICAL INSTALLATIONS

**Free**  
Television  
Insurance

with every Television  
aerial supplied (virtually  
one year's guarantee)  
plus cover for accidental  
damage, fire, burglars,  
etc.

We have a competent staff of technicians for all types of electrical work—from a single point to contract work—and we can supply any piece of electrical equipment required.

**J. SHEE**

23, COMMERCIAL RD., WOKING

TELEPHONE . . . . . WOKING 2401

## HOME FURNISHING SIMPLIFIED

Colman's is the largest furnishing store in Woking and you are invited to call and look round our spacious showrooms.

Free deliveries several times weekly

Ask for our new Catalogue



**COLMAN'S**  
(House Furnishers) Ltd

8, 9 & 10, HIGH STREET  
WOKING

Telephone : 3585-6

Page 20

# SHEERWATER POST

EDITOR : JOHN MARTIN



20  
PAGES

STORIES  
PICTURES  
ARTICLES  
COMPETITIONS  
PRIZES

3 D.

OCTOBER, 1953

## MAXWELL'S

GUILDFORD ROAD, WOKING

have pleasure in announcing the opening of their

## NEW BRANCH

at

48, Chertsey Road - - Woking

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF SHEERWATER  
RESIDENTS

Radio T/V Music Records

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND ACCESSORIES

SMALL ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

## LAMDIN'S of Woking

Funerals  
and  
Cremations

arranged and personally conducted  
with reverence and every  
consideration.

**Private Chapels**

COMPLETE EMBALMING  
SERVICE

Rolls Royce Hearse and Limousines

Floral Tributes at Short Notice

165, Church Street, Woking

Tel. (Day and Night) WOKING 2266

Complete Outfitters  
for  
Boys  
and Gentlemen

Every kind of sewing apparel for  
every occasion.

ALL SPORTS WEAR  
IN STOCK

Official Agents for Girl Guides,

Brownies, Boy Scouts, Cubs

Terms: Cash or Provident Cheques

35, Chobham Road, Woking

Telephone WOKING 2267

Proprietor: ARTHUR D. LAMDIN

Page 2

## POST-BOX

Letters are welcome ON ANY TOPIC, and should be sent to the Editor at 24 Lockwood Path by Monday, October 12th.

TWO FREE TICKETS TO ANY OF WOKING'S CINEMAS will be given for EVERY LETTER PUBLISHED.

### HOP-PICKING HOLIDAY

Hop-picking is the Londoner's traditional annual working holiday, and I was glad to be able to pay a short visit to one of the Kentish hop-fields last month.

This most enjoyable and healthy pursuit has not altered very much through the years, and the hop-picking families (some boast of never missing a season for 30 years or more) are installed in huts provided by the farmer. While some of these huts could be improved, the majority are made quite comfortable and in some cases lighting and cooking facilities are provided. But, in the main, cooking is done over open wood fires and, believe me, I have never enjoyed a meal so much as when I was invited to bacon and eggs at eight o'clock on a beautiful morning, cooked on a wood fire and eaten in the open with the smell of hops in the air.

The crop, generally, is good this year. Pickers get rod, a bushel, and a good

average for two pickers is about 40 bushels a day, although some experienced pickers can manage up to 80 bushels. I was told that some farmers have started using hop-picking machines, but their capabilities are meeting with a mixed reception. One picker of long standing told me that these machines pick about 40 bushels a day, but the hops have more leaves on them than those picked by hand and, when the weather is wet, the machines get clogged and are rendered useless. The consequence is that some farmers are already reverting to hand-picking again.

At the place I visited, Sheerwater was well represented by those who, still Londoners at heart, would never forgo their yearly hop-picking holiday, even though the journey to Kent is somewhat longer now. Seeing their healthy faces, the grand countryside, and listening to the fine singing round the camp fires at dusk, who could not agree with them? For Kent is truly the Garden of England.

BUENO DESCO.

## FAMILY COMPETITION

How many separate words can you make up, using any of the letters in the words "POST FREE"? You may use up to 2 E's in any made-up word.

Complete the free entry form below and send it with your list to the Editor.

The reader sending in the greatest number of words will be awarded a 10s. shopping voucher to be used at any establishment advertising in this issue of the magazine. Closing date: October 12th.

### FREE ENTRY FORM.

Name .....

Address .....

Number of words on list .....

Page 3

## COUNTRY "PEACE"

ME . . . I'M STILL TIRED.  
The trouble-and-antics is giving me the low-down on the latest bus-stop conference, this being the way I gets me news red hot. Dead cunning! She says as how the locals reckon we don't get much action round these parts on account of the smell from the pine trees, which makes you real tired . . . very nice, too. Me . . . I got my own ideas, but I am agreeing in part, though I think the pine trees not doing us any harm . . . why blame them? The trouble looks at me real dirt-like, so I hastens to add I feel that way right now, and think I'll have an EARLY NIGHT.

There now being speculation as to ulterior motives, I recaps the numerous last-minute jobs muggins usually falls for prior to retirement, and wends me way up the "apples." I hears the trouble repeating them to herself, though one or two unfamiliar words makes me think maybe I'm wrong. Now me and Uncle Ned don't get together all that much, but as I snuggles into the pillow I feels the pine trees doing their stuff, and I'm dozing, and it's nice, and it's peaceful, and . . . "THEY'RE LUVLY."

Master, they may be . . . but if they gets an idea of what I'm thinking, they'll melt faster than a snowball in Hades.

"BOB A POUND TO CLEAR THEM OUT." . . . I speculates as to how many jobs to do the trick, irrespective of what I might be "clearing out," but some other geezer beats me to it. Maybe he had a headache . . . or dare I hope . . . a hatchet?

Now I DO relax . . . Mm . . . cosy . . . and in this morning I'll wake up fresh and . . . THE MORNING . . . I haven't wound the alarm. I gropes and does the necessary. Now I CAN go to sleep.

SLEEP? Don't make me laugh. Did I mention as how I left the trouble to do the usual rounds? I hear her doing every one, and, feeling generous like, she throws in a few more for luck . . . or is it cussness?

Now SHE'S on her way up. There IS a carpet on the stairs . . . maybe she don't walk on it so as to save wear and tear . . . I wouldn't know! Click . . . the light's on. I buries me deep and waits for the finish of THE PREPARATION. Now for many years this to me has been a mystery, and from discreet enquiries among others of the down-trodden sex . . . I am not alone. So I waits . . . minutes . . . hours . . . who knows . . . who cares?

Click . . . the light's off . . . and so are most of the bed clothes. The window which I most carefully closed is open again for what the trouble calls "fresh air." It's FRESH all right, and I gets it just below where my hair would finish . . . if I HAD hair. I grab at the few clothes left, but she's in and I fight a losing battle.

I gets a dig . . . did she bolt the gate? She thinks she did . . . she's not quite sure . . . maybe I don't care . . . we might get murdered . . . ALL RIGHT . . . I give in.

As I crawls down the stairs, the record of my shortcomings is in full blast. In the kitchen I gets courage to mutter a brief defence, and opens the back door. I forgets THE CAT, who does not know as how I never kick with my boots off. It's out and away double-quick time. I grabs air, slips, and taste dirt. Now I am REAL happy.

The gate . . . need I say . . . IS bolted. Need I add . . . it's started to rain. I does doors, rooms and stairs in reverse, and boosts me on to the small portion of bed left me by kind permission of the trouble, who is asleep with a smile on her face, telling as how she's dreaming of what a good husband she has.

Now to SLEEP . . . I'm still kidding. The rain locates its position as Sheer-water, and whips into a storm. The "fresh air" window was NOT hitched properly (this being a natural with the trouble). There are TWO crashes . . . the second being me hitting the floor.

Other windows now join in the fun. I hikes around . . . upstairs . . . downstairs . . . in my body's . . . won't be long now. As I crawl back I got a vague feeling I was wrong when I thought I had a minimum portion of bed before.

SLEEP? I've almost forgotten the word, as I lay listening to the gutters

by "NOMAD"

doing their stuff. I wonder . . . ARE there gutters which don't leak? The rain relaxes, and I get to thinking as how maybe that MUST be the lot for one night, but is it? I am the proud possessor of water-pipes which give a wonderful variety of gargling, blarbs, and what have you for reasons both known and unknown. To-night they give but good. He . . . I just DON'T CARE. There is competition from a couple of airplanes and the return of THE CAT complete with friends, who run the pipes a close second. Me . . . I just DON'T . . .

I SLEEP . . . the sleep of the just . . . with pleasant dreams in which I'm shipwrecked in a storm, frozen on an iceberg, kicked all over by a colony of cats, run over by a fire engine with clanging bell . . . BELLS!

I opens one eye, and the alarm leers at me. I lets it ring from sheer spite, and gets a shove from the trouble, who takes advantages on such occasions. I know I SHOULD get up, but I closes my eyes for just FIVE MINUTES. I can hear the normal morning greetings of hundreds of birds, lorries being started up, motor-bikes revving, milkmen gently depositing bottles and filling crates with empties, early morning dogs tailing, early morning travellers how pleased they are with life, and now I hear a bus . . . BUS . . . I travel on the FIRST BUS.

I'm out like a shot . . . so's the litt'un, who'd crept in during my last night excursion (now I know where the other bit of bed went). We reaches the top of the stairs together. They go down the normal way . . . me . . . I saves time. I picks myself up . . . goes to the kitchen and puts the kettle on. The trouble takes it off again and fills it with water. The litt'un opens the door and takes in the milk. The Cat starts to follow me, sees me, and changes its mind.

Now I'm shaving . . . the blade's blunt . . . spots of blood . . . I steers clear of my throat, thinking the way I am. The trouble creeps in, shouts "Tea!" Me . . . I cut deep and shout . . . As I grabs me cuppa, the litt'un says, "What'll we do to-day, daddy?" I gulps and says, "Eh?" The litt'un, she says, "It's Saturday." CRASH!

Me . . . I DON'T WORK SATURDAY!

## MOORE'S

Provision, Wine & Spirit Merchant

### Monument Stores MAYBURY

Agents for  
SIMONDS' BEER

Finest selection of Scotch Whiskies  
at 35/- per bottle, 18/3 half bottle

PLEASE ORDER EARLY FOR  
YOUR CHRISTMAS STOCK

Opening Hours:  
Daily: 8.30 a.m. to 9.15 p.m.  
Wednesday: 8.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.  
7 p.m. to 9.15 p.m.  
Sunday: 10.30 a.m. to 2 p.m.  
7 p.m. to 9 p.m.  
JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS CLUB

## FRENCH RAPID CLEANERS

167, CHURCH STREET

Phone: Woking 2101. Opp. Christ Church

24-HOUR PRESSING  
SERVICE

DYERS AND CLEANERS

Page 5

Page 4

AUCTION ROOMS  
CHURCH PATH, WOKING

## ROBERTSON BROS. (Woking) Ltd.

hold regular Sales by Auction of Household Furniture and Effects, contents of domestic offices, garden tools, useful miscellanea.

Catalogues (price 3d.) may be had of the Auctioneers

The Auctioneers announce that they are able to accept items of good quality furniture, silver and plated items, etc., for inclusion in forthcoming sales.

## WOODHAM ELECTRICS

LTD.

(S. Cowell and G. M. Cowell)

### RADIO AND TELEVISION

R.T.R.A. Members

Sales and Repairs. Agents for Marconi, Ferguson, Cossor, G.E.C., Invicta, Alba, Peto Scott, Pilot, Regentone, R.G.D., Ever Ready, Vidor

Electrical Work Installation & Fittings Electric Irons & Clocks

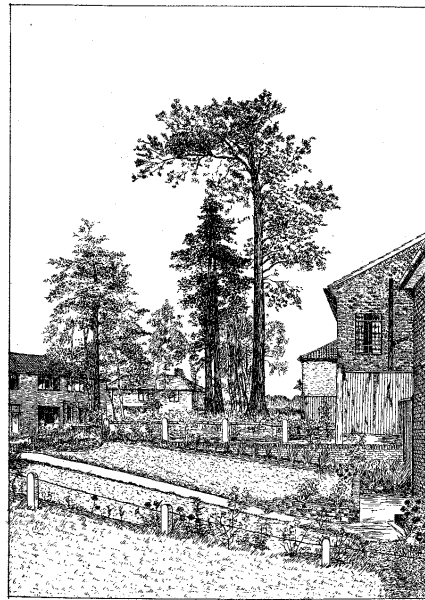
290, WOODHAM LANE, NEW HAW  
also at

HIGH ROAD, BYFLEET

Telephone: Byfleet 2910 and 2161

HIRE PURCHASE ON ALL RADIO AND TELEVISION SETS

Page 6



VIEW FROM HANBURY PATH

Page 7

**RITZ CINEMA**  
WOKING

MONDAY, OCT. 5th, for six days.  
Doors open 1.15. Last Show 7.20.  
**MOLLY ROUGE** (A), Tech.  
Jose Ferrer, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Suzanne Flon.  
Also  
**THE STRANGER LEFT NO CARD** (A)

MONDAY, OCT. 12th, for six days.  
Doors open 12.30. Last House 7.0.  
**OLIO YARIS** (A) Tech.  
Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Leo Genn.  
Also  
**THE BEGGARS OPERA** (U), Tech.  
Laurence Olivier, Dorothy Linn, Stanley Holloway.

Also  
**THOUGHT TO KILL** (A)  
Douglas Fairbanks, Bill Owen, Luan Platter.

MONDAY, OCT. 26th, for six days.  
Doors open 12.35. Last House 6.55.  
**THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS** (C)  
Paul Christian, Faith Primm, Raymond, Cecil Kellaway.

Also  
**THE FLAVAGAN BOY** (A)  
Barbara Payton, Tony Wright, John Slater.

**GAUMONT**  
WOKING

MONDAY, OCT. 5th, for six days.  
Doors open 1.45. Last Programme 6.55.  
**ATFAK WITH A STRANGER** (U)  
Jean Simmons, Victor Mature.

Also  
**FORBIDDEN** (A)  
Tony Curtis, Joanne Dru.

MONDAY, OCT. 12th, for six days.  
Doors open 1.15. Last Programme 6.40.  
**LITTLE BOY LOST** (U)  
Bing Crosby, Claude Rains.

Also  
**ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN** (U)  
Jose Ferrer, Kim Hunter.

MONDAY, OCT. 19th, for six days.  
**TAKE ME TO TOWN**  
Also  
**EAST OF SUMATRA**  
Jed Chandler, Marlon Brando.

MONDAY, OCT. 26th, for six days.  
**WHITE WITCH DOCTOR** (U)  
Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum.

Also  
**THE SAINTS RETURN** (U)  
Lola Hawwood.

Page 8

**ODEON THEATRE**  
WOKING

Phone : 1275

MONDAY, OCT. 5th, for six days.  
Doors open 1.20. Last show 7.15.  
**CALL ME MADAM** (U)  
Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor.  
Also  
**THE ROBIN'S MATE** (U)  
Barbara Mullen.

MONDAY, OCT. 12th, for six days.  
Doors open 12.55. Last show 6.50.  
**THE RED BERET** (U), Tech.  
Alan Ladd, Leo Genn.

Also  
**WAGON TEAM** (U)  
Gene Autry.

MONDAY, OCT. 19th, for six days.  
Doors open 1.5. Last show 7.0.  
**ROMAN HOLIDAY** (U)  
Gregory Peck, Audrey Hepburn.

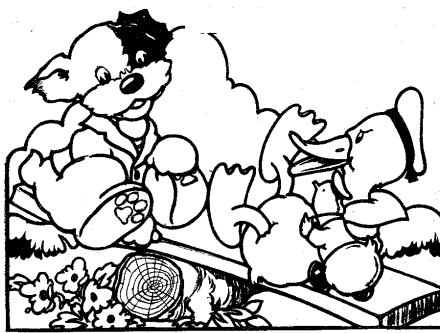
Also  
**OPERATION HURRICANE** (U)  
(Documentary Interest).

MONDAY, OCT. 26th, for six days.  
**MEERA** (U), Tech.  
Parveen Bamsel.

Also  
**TREASURE OF KALIFA** (U)  
Rod Cameron, Tab Hunter.

"THE RED BERET."  
This film tells an inspiring story of the development of the Parachute Division. The tale focuses on the personal activities of "Canada" McKendrick (Alan Ladd), a mysterious recruit who turns out to be an American ex-officer, who felt himself responsible for the death of a buddy and who for that reason declines to accept a commission in England. Following his adventures with the "Red Berets," however, culminating in his resourceful handling of a minefield situation in North Africa, Canada changes his mind and takes his rightful place in the military scheme of things.

"LITTLE BOY LOST."  
An adaptation of Marghanita Laski's story, this emotional drama tells of a father's search for his young son, who disappeared in France during the war after his mother was shot by the Gestapo. After frustrated hopes and disappointments, the quest ends in success, but there are many touching and appealing scenes before the happy denouement is reached.



## CHILDREN'S COMPETITION

Colour the above picture in paint or crayon, and complete the free entry form below. Send them to the Children's Page Editor at 24 Lockwood Path, not later than Monday, October 12th.

A FREE TOY WILL BE GIVEN at Baker's Toy Shop in Woking for each of the THREE BEST ENTRIES from children under 10, and for each of the THREE BEST ENTRIES from children of 10 to 15.

**FREE ENTRY FORM.**  
Here is my coloured picture.

Name .....

Address .....

Age ..... OCC.

Page 9

## ALL DONE BY MIRRORS

"Charlie's having a day off on Thursday, 'cos we are closed, and he's taking me to the Show in his car."

Maisie glanced into the mirror above the table in the café kitchen and patted her waves into place. She sniffed. "Course, it's not his car really, but he uses it just when he wants to, so it's the same thing really. That Bert Simpkins wanted me to go with him on his motor bike—just fancy, me on a motor bike—the cheek! Oh, this stupid glass! Why must we have one with a wiggle in it?"

She looked anxiously at her reflection.

"I'm sure I've got a spot."

Bella sighed as she wiped her hands on a towel.

"I wouldn't mind a motor bike. . . ."

I think they're rather fun."

Maisie giggled, then wrinkled up her nose as the flawed mirror showed her face queerly elongated and narrowed.

"That would be funny now, dearie. . . ."

You on the back of Bert Simpkins' motor bike! You take your best friend's advice, and keep off motor bikes. You haven't exactly got the figure for them."

Bella sighed again hopelessly, and Maisie stared intently into the mirror.

"Gosh, there's Charlie come into the café now. I've told him I won't have him hanging about here. The Old Man doesn't like it, and we aren't allowed out there anyway. Just skivvies in the kitchen. . . ."

She snatched up her coat and bag and disappeared.

Bella took her place and stared into the mirror. It was really too bad. Now, being tall or short didn't seem to matter, but if you were plump—no, honest, fat—well, no one gave you a second thought, not even that awful pimply Tom Herries with the cast in his eye.

"Puppy fat," mother would say, and laugh until her eyes vanished and her cheeks shook. "And nice and comfortable, too," her father would say, slipping his wife's behind. But at sixteen you didn't want to be nice and comfortable—you wanted to be glamorous and alluring. . . . sort of slinky."

"I wouldn't mind a motor bike at all!" said Bella sadly to herself, and the flawed mirror made her plump face look

so long and woebegone that she had to choke back a sob as she turned away to go home.

The mirror above the table where the girls stacked the piles of cups and plates as they washed them up was one of the things that made life at the café tolerable for Bella. If you half-closed your eyes and moved your head about slowly like a dog in the pias you could make your face change its shape in the most exciting way so that you could hardly recognize yourself. You could be long and thin with high foregone cheekbones, and then, as you moved the tiniest bit, you saw yourself dissolve in little ripples like the tide running up the sand. Of course, it wasn't so funny to see yourself very broad and fat, not if you were rather like that anyway. You could just see the reflection of people in the café over the partition that divided off the kitchen. It was fun to watch them sitting at the little green tables drinking their coffee or eating their lunches, and the real thrill was that hardly any of them, not even the regulars, ever noticed the mirror. Sometimes they would read books or newspapers, and some of them just ate their lunches with a worried frown. Once or twice a week a boy would bring his girl in, and they might hold hands under the table, and Bella would feel quite sad to see them so happy.

It was while she was thus engaged upon her favourite pastime one morning, a wet cup in her hands, that she saw him come in. He was tall and thin, and his sandy hair fell over one eyebrow so that he kept shaking his head to throw it back. Bella was sure that he was unhappy and lonely by the way that he looked quickly all round, and then went over to a table in the corner with a disappointed air.

"Are you paid to wash dishes, or to admire your beauty?" said the manager, catching sight of her. "You've been nursing that cup for the last ten minutes."

He muttered something under his breath and slammed his office door.

"Dreaming of Prince Charming, I suppose. Missed it slipped into Bella's place before the mirror, and deftly powdered her nose. Maisie was Bella's best friend.

"Just fancy—that Bert Simpkins is taking that awful Butler girl to the Show. Well, there's no accounting for taste. . . ."

For the next three mornings Bella somehow contrived to be by the mirror about the time the young man came in for his coffee. Each morning he seemed to her to be lonelier and more disappointed than ever. He would look around and then go to the table in the corner and stare gloomily out of the window.

"He's been thrown over by his girl," Bella decided carefully, "and now he keeps coming here because he hopes she will meet him here and make it up."

Her heart warmed towards him. After all, they were both miserable. He had lost his girl, and she—well, she'd never had a boy, not of her own. You don't when you're plump. . . . no, fat. So, when on the third morning he changed to look up and caught sight of her in the mirror, she gave a shy smile. And he smiled back!

"You're very pleased with yourself to-day," Maisie said rather crossly. "Found half a crown?"

The firm, it seemed, had refused to allow Charlie to use the car to go to the Show, so it would have to be a motor bike after all.

Bella didn't mind Maisie's being cross. Every now and then she said to herself wonderingly, "He smiled at me!" And then she would catch her breath at her daring in smiling first.

She put on her hat and coat with great care that evening, and peeped in the mirror to tuck her hair in as she had seen Maisie do—after a quick look round to see that nobody was watching her. All the way home she said to herself as she walked:

"He smiled at me. . . . he smiled at me!"

The next morning Bella kept her eyes on the clock. Half-past ten was his time, and she mustn't miss him. Would he look for her again? Should she smile at him or ought she to wait for him to smile first? Perhaps he had forgotten already.

At twenty-five past ten the manager came out of his office and called her.

"Bella, you're not very busy. Just run down to the butcher and bring back the meat I ordered. I don't want to be short for the lunches. . . . Well, go on—get a move on, girl. It won't take more than half an hour."

Properly in the dumps to-day, aren't you?" Maisie said as they were leaving

that evening. "Getting a proper Miss

Temperamental. . . ."

Bella said nothing. All the way home her footsteps were beating out a dull rhythm:

"I missed him. . . . I missed him. . . . he'll think that I forgot."

She was careful to be busy with her tasks until the very last moment of the next morning, and only ran to the mirror as he closed the door. She waited breathlessly. At last, he looked up and met her gaze—and then, oh, wonderful! he smiled at her. He had not forgotten.

It was only later that a mood of desperation settled on her heavily. Maisie's Charlie was taking her to the Show, even though it was only on his motor bike. After all, a smile in a mirror didn't get you very far. If only she were a waitress but she dared not go out through the swing doors into the café, and how was he to come to her? You couldn't go on smiling at each other in a mirror all your life, and a mirror that gave you queer long faces at that.

Then and there the idea came to her. She went hot all over when she first thought of it, and then she thought, why not? Why not ask for a day off and go into the café as an ordinary customer, and sit at his table? After she had about a dozen times decided to do it and then rejected it as too utterly fantastic and impossible, Bella came to the conclusion that this was her last chance. It was now or never.

She imagined how he would come into the café, his start of surprise when he saw her there, his smile of pleasure. He would hurry to her table, and. . . . he might take her to the Show in a car, a gleaming car, his own, not the firm's. . . .

Bella stopped, rather scared at the possibilities.

"I suppose I ought to take this off while I've got my hands in hot water," Maisie said, a little self-consciously. She stretched out her left hand and admired it. There on the fourth finger was a single diamond in a gold ring.

"It's quite pretty, isn't it? Charlie got round to the point at last, but I had to help him. Of course, it's a real diamond—you can see how it sparkles."

"Oh, Maisie, how wonderful!"

But all the while Bella was thinking to herself, "I shall ask him for a ruby. I think diamonds are flashy."

And there was a funny futtery feeling in her stomach.

(Continued overleaf.)

Page 11

### All Done By Mirrors

The fluttery feeling was again there, only worse, when she pushed open the door of the café on her day off. "PING." Funny that she should never have noticed the sound the door made before. She had on her best hat and coat, the one that made her look almost slim, and she had done her best with curlers the night before.

She sat at the table in the corner and looked out of the window, trying to appear as casual and as unconcerned as everyone else. There weren't many other people there yet, it was still early. Perhaps that was why she had noticed him—but that was being disloyal. They were fated to meet.

But suppose he didn't recognise her? He had only seen her in a mirror, the flawed one. Suppose he went out again when he saw how fat she was?

"I shall die," thought Bella miserably. She knew she would. Every now and then the door would "ping" as someone came in, and she would do her best to glance round casually. A tall fair girl with the most lovely waves in her hair came in and sat at the next table. She had a magazine and began to turn the pages nervously. "I wonder if she's waiting for her boy, too?" thought Bella. "I wonder what he's like?"

A family came in and seated themselves around a table, fussing with coats and parcels.

"Come along, Janet. Now sit down there, Roland, there's a good boy."

The mother coaxed her children on to chairs. "Roland—what a lovely name," sighed Bella dreamily. "I wonder what his name is."

She was sure that it was nothing so ordinary as Bert or Charlie. Andrew, perhaps, or even Philip. . . .

He was late. Perhaps he isn't coming, she thought with sudden agony.

At that moment he thrust open the door and walked into the café. He looked around, and then his face broke into a smile, and he came quickly towards her.

"Goodness," thought Bella, "here he is. I shall remember this all my life."

She managed a little tremulous smile. He passed her without noticing her, and went to the tall fair girl at the next table, caught her by the shoulders and said loudly:

"Sylvia, darling, where have you been?"

"Hush," she said, and blushed, "everyone can hear you."

"But she's glad to see him," Bella said to herself miserably. "Who wouldn't be?"

She chanced to look up over the partition, and there in the mirror, all ripples, were Maisie and the girls, their mouths round O's of amazement.

"Whatever were you doing yesterday?" Maisie asked as they started work the next day. "Jennie was sure that you were meeting a boy, but I said that was impossible. I told Charlie I wouldn't go to the Show on his motor bike, so he's borrowed a car after all. A girl's got to be firm. I suppose you're not going?"

Why, Bella, whatever are you crying for? Maisie stretched out her hand to pat Bella's shoulder. The light shone on the stone in her ring, and she paused, her hand out, her head on one side, to watch the sparkles from the real diamond.

You could see she was Bella's best friend.

R. B.

The full-page line drawing on page 7 was contributed by Mr. C. Stratford, of 15 Hanbury Path.

Before the war he used to do a good deal of this kind of work as a hobby, including water colours, on mainly architectural subjects in London. Coming down to live at Sheerwater a year ago he noticed this particular view from Hanbury Path, which inspired the result you now see.

We hope to include further examples of his work in future issues.

The two photographic studies in this issue were taken by Mr. F. Pritchard, of 31 Lockwood Path, and further photographs are being planned for the coming months.

### SHEER WATER, MR. BONES?



### COURAGE'S

ALES :: STOUTS  
MINERALS :: SPIRITS

FREE DELIVERY DAILY  
Open Sundays

### THE WINE STORES

62, CHERTSEY ROAD - Tel. WOKING 36

JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS CLUB

**ALDERSHOT & DISTRICT**  
TRACTION CO LTD

**Coaches for Private Hire**

DANCES - THEATRES  
ICE SHOWS  
And all SOCIAL OCCASIONS

Quotations Gladly : Apply Goldsworth Road  
Telephone : WOKING 619

BETTER TRAVEL — BY TRACTION

**J. BAKER**  
& SONS. (CYCLES) LTD.

Agents for HUMBER, RUDGE, ROBIN HOOD, HERCULES, PHILLIPS, etc. CYCLES  
Cyclenaster or any other Motor Attachments  
H.P. TERMS AVAILABLE ON ALL THE ABOVE

SECOND-HAND CYCLES ALWAYS IN STOCK  
WIDE SELECTION OF TOYS AND SPORTS GOODS

JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS CLUB — ANY ARTICLE

39, COMMERCIAL ROAD, WOKING  
Telephone WOKING 1500

### WOKING DISTRICT LIBRARIES

Woking: Commercial Road, opposite Car Park.

9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. every week-day.  
West Byfleet: St. John's Parish Hall, Claremont Avenue.

5.30 to 7.30 p.m. Tuesdays.  
3 to 5 p.m. Fridays.

The following are some of the books recently added to the libraries, and may be reserved at any library in the district:

**BIOGRAPHY.**  
Raymond Glendinning. "Just a Word in Your Ear" (791.4).  
Marie Kililea. "Karen, the Story of a Family" (618.92).

**GARDENING.**  
Walter Brett, editor. "Garden Planning and Improvement" (712.6).

**SPORTS AND PASTIMES.**  
H. K. Klingerstorff. "Judo and Judo-do" (796.81).  
Eric Taverner. "Introduction to Angling" (799.11).

**TRAVEL.**  
Philip Davenport. "The Voyage of 'Waltzing Matilda'" (910.4).  
Alfred A. Vogel. "Papua and Pygmies" (919.5).

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
Roderick Chisholm. "Cover of Darkness" (910.548).  
Donald H. Menzel. "Flying Saucers" (629.1388).  
G. W. Tyrrell. "The Earth and its Mysteries" (557).  
Elden Wright. "The Great Palomar Telescope" (522.2).

**FICTION** (reserved from month noted in bracket)  
Phyllis Bentley. "The House of Moreys" (January, 1954).  
Dymphna Cusack. "Southern Steel" (November, 1953).  
Elizabeth Ferrars. "Murder in Time" (December, 1953).  
George Goodchild. "Well Caught, McLean" (December, 1953).  
Helen MacInnes. "I and my True Love" (November, 1953).  
Neil Paterson. "Man on the Tightrope" (December, 1953).  
Stephen Ransome. "Shroud off her Back" (December, 1953).  
J. M. Scott. "Heather Mary" (October, 1953).

### YOUR GARDEN IN OCTOBER

**Work:** Prepare ground for main winter digging. Prepare forms of protection—glass, straw, screens and mats. Overhaul stocks of plants and fertilisers. Prepare planting plan and order your perennials, trees and shrubs.

**Food:** Continue to hoe and weed, clearing away rubbish to the compost. Begin trench digging and use lime immediately afterwards. Trim yellow leaves from cabbages and sprouts, gather remaining tomato fruits and burn the old haulms. Lift and store carrots and beet. Blanch celery and leeks by earthing and the use of paper collars. Finish planting of cabbage seedlings. WATCH FOR FROST; protective covering will often save a late crop. Corn salad and dwarf early peas can be sown on a warm south border. Plan rhubarb as a permanent crop. Onions sown last month can be thinned, but be careful not to disturb the remaining seedlings.

**Fruit:** Dig plots intended for new raspberry, currant or gooseberry plants, and begin planting towards end of month. Apples and pears can still be gathered and stored, and some pruning can be done if convenient.

**Flowers:** Clear away summer flowers and, after forking and manuring, re-plant with bulbs and spring herbaceous flowers. Lift and store gladiolus corms, dahlia tubers, and bedding begonias. Lift and divide perennials and treat soil with bonemeal before replanting. Fork lightly those borders that are not being renovated with a dusting of lime between the plants. Plant hyacinths, narcissi, and other bulbs in groups in the mixed border, also border edging or beds of anemones.

**Maintenance:** Dress lawns for worm trouble and prick over and use fertiliser or sifted soil and manure on those in poor condition. Use a top dressing for all lawns. Clean up paths, etc., and keep the fallen leaves in a heap, just damp to decay. Cover up all materials to be used during frosty weather.

Charlet Terrot. "The Angel who Pawned her Harp" (February, 1954).  
Kathleen Wallace. "Land of Heart's Desire" (January, 1954).  
Rex Warner. "Escapade" (November, 1953).

## MOTHER'S DAY OFF

To all of us who are married and have children has come the time when mother decides to have a day out. What grand fun it all is! That's if you have the patience of all the known saints and a few others thrown in for good measure. Of course, you also need to be absolutely immune to pain, have a heart like a sponge, and a constitution of iron.

Anyone possessing half these qualifications is almost a superman, whilst, of course, no man born of woman can possess the lot if he has a child or so as well.

Before leaving, fond mother wags a kindly finger at nipper and tells him to be a good boy for daddy. "Baby won't give any bother at all; she should sleep all the time."

Maybe mother should have used the oft-quoted method of giving nipper a few hard smacks for nothing, coupled with a warning of more to follow if he doesn't play with daddy whilst she is out. Anyhow, just as my feet were up in the old comfortable position, and the blinkers ready to shut out the daylight for a while, nipper returned me to earth by producing a terrific crash. His motor had run under a chair, and it was obviously easier to push it over than to grope about under it. I rushed to investigate just as he was about to retrieve the motor and direct it away from the wall towards the kitchen door. When I finally decided that no bones were broken, I dragged myself to my feet and to the consciousness of loud squawking from the bedroom, where baby, who should have been asleep for hours (the wife said so), was exercising her lungs in the manner of a local town crier.

Turning her over slightly to one side in the way my wife has always successfully done, I crept out of the room and promptly skated down the hall on the door carpet. Naturally, as I picked myself up, I found myself singing "Bless this House," to the accompaniment of baby, who was performing with the zeal of half a dozen orchestras. Repeating the turn-along-the-one-side daisy, I found that peace was only to be had shouting-distance away, but that the reverberations of nipper's howling was twice the range of this shouting distance. Becoming slightly worried about the neighbours, I peeped out to see if their apprehensive eyes were turned to the

sounds of battle in our house, but it was all clear outside.

At this stage I decided, in my own interests, to clear a path inside, as well, to enable greater freedom of movement for my dashes from baby to nipper. He, of course, thought it grand fun which could only be improved upon if he fixed up an obstacle or two.

My antics as I disengaged myself from the table legs which he had stuck out to make my race exciting raised howls of laughter from him, while I was content just to howl and offer up a few silent prayers for my future.

Baby had now been squawking steadily and monotonously for some time, and as I picked my way through the booby traps a realisation of those certain changes so necessary to infants penetrated my harassed mind.

The changing of a nappie seems, of course, child's play, after the easy and quick manner in which the wife performs. So I leaned over baby to undo the misnamed safety pins which held things up. Whilst I was almost overcome by the perfume, baby took this opportunity to hook her finger behind my eyeball, obviously attracted by the red in it. Disengaging her finger and trying to remove the safety pins from their firmly embedded position in my fingers was a masterly bit of work, and when I had succeeded in stanching the flows of blood and tears I proceeded with my task of fitting baby out with a clean bit of nappie. Once again my eyes, brighter now through the glistening tears, were her target, and whilst I struggled with the pins, a two-handed job, I again muttered a prayer that an odd eye or so would not be washed out with the tears.

The pins were fixed, and I stepped back to survey the result through the mist, to find that baby was screwed up in an odd way, decidedly lopsided, in fact.

However, with spirit and courage at its lowest possible point, and as baby didn't cry (probably too screwed up to allow a noise to come out), I scuttled out quickly to meet up with nipper looking as if he had crawled out of a train smash. I mopped up all the mess from the kitchen floor, put the stuff (what was left, anyway) back in the cupboard and, as I had exhausted all my prayers, proceed to lay my nipper

### HERBERT M. NIND

(Proprietor: H. P. Nind)

12, High Street  
- Woking -

Telephone: Woking 895

WINE & SPIRIT  
MERCHANT

Agent for  
WATNEY'S ALES AND STOUTS  
Free Deliveries in all Districts  
"A Family Business for Personal Service"

Enquire about our Free Loan of  
Glasses for Parties  
JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS CLUB

RADIO and TELEVISION  
SALES, SERVICE

and  
RENTAL  
G. DUDER GRAY Ltd.

30, Guildford Road  
Duke Street, Woking  
Tel.: 3030  
For EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL.

across nipper's trouser seat, to his discomfort and my infinite relief.

The clock said one hour to his bedtime; I decided it was zero hour, and shut the door and my ears on his howling.

Mama, God bless her, comes home earlier than I expected and, with a sardonic sneer in my direction, nipper tells her he didn't have much fun with daddy.

As for me, anybody can look after the children in future; I'll do a spot of animal farming. At least the intentions of a wild animal are obvious.

"PUNCH."

## Mayfair

for  
"Choice"

Full assortment of the  
finest sweets always  
available.

All brands of Cigarettes  
and Tobacco

57 COMMERCIAL ROAD

WOKING

(opposite Woolworth's)

## ALPINE LAUNDRY

Eve Road, Woking  
(nr. Woking entrance to Estate)

Fully FINISHED SERVICE

Collect WEDNESDAY mornings

Deliver SATURDAY mornings

BAGWASH SERVICE (daily)

3/6d. 18lb. dry weight

Collect MONDAY

Deliver TUESDAY

Collect WEDNESDAY

Deliver THURSDAY

DRY CLEANING

3 DAY SERVICE

Telephone — Woking 1719

Cash on delivery—minimum 3/6

Page 16

Page 17

## SHORTLAND'S

for ALL FOOTWEAR

FOOTBALL BOOTS : HOCKEY BOOTS  
WELLINGTONS : SLIPPERS, etc.

We have an excellent stock of Fashion and Walking Shoes by

NORVIC - DIANA - WEARRA  
KILTIE - JOHN WHITE, etc.

TRY OUR REPAIR SERVICE—THE LARGEST AND BEST IN THE DISTRICT

Specialists in Crepe Repairs — Wellingtons Retreaded

## ALBERT SHORTLAND LTD.

— SURGICAL BOOTMAKERS —

151-2, MAYBURY RD. (by Maybury Arch), 44, CHERTSEY RD.  
WOKING, and STATION APPROACH, WEST BYFLEET

Cleaners, Floor Polishers & Washing  
Machines

SALES and SERVICE

Hoover & Electrical Dealers

Hoover Cleaners for Hire

G. DUDER GRAY Ltd.

30, Guildford Road

and  
Duke Street, Woking

Tel.: 3030

For EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Pedigree SURGE

Everything for Baby

at

BABYLAND (Pram Shop)

33, COMMERCIAL RD., WOKING

Page 18

All stories, features, pictures and the line drawing in this magazine are original material, and full copyright therein is reserved.

Published by the "Sheerwater Post" and printed by The Woodbridge Press, Ltd., 52 Chertsey Road, Woking, Tel. 60.

### TASTY DISHES

1½ lb. fresh haddock (or any white fish).

2oz. margarine.

1oz. flour.

½ pint milk.

1 egg.

2oz. breadcrumbs.

1 dessert spoon grated cheese.

Salt and pepper.

Steam the fish for 20 minutes, then remove all skin and bone and divide it into flakes. Melt the margarine in a saucepan, stir in the flour, and continue stirring while it cooks gently for 2 or 3 minutes. Add the milk gradually, stir for 5 minutes while it boils, then add the flaked fish, with salt and pepper to taste.

Allow to cool slightly, mix in the well-beaten yolk of egg and then the stiffly-whipped white. Put the mixture into a baking dish, sprinkle with grated cheese and breadcrumbs, and bake in a hot oven until lightly browned. Gas oven, Regulo Mark 7, electric 450.)

### CARD GAME FOR NEIGHBOURS

OH, HELL!

Any number from 3 to 7 can play, using normal pack of 52 cards.

A game consists of a series of deals. In the first place each player receives one card, in the second two cards, and so on. The game is 15 deals with 3 players, 13 with 4, 10 with five, 8 with 6, and 7 with 7 players.

After each deal, the next card fixes the trump suit, and then each player in turn makes one bid of the EXACT number of tricks he undertakes to win, including zero if he wishes. These bids are recorded on paper.

The player on the left of the dealer makes the opening lead, and a trick is won by the highest trump or, if it contains no trump, by the highest card of the suit led (as in whist). If unable to follow suit, any card may be played. The winner of a trick leads to the next.

A player makes his bid if he takes exactly that number of tricks, and scores to points plus the bid. He goes bust if he takes either more or less and scores nothing. The player having the highest score after the last deal wins the game.

This game is simple to learn, but it also offers great opportunity for skillful play.

### FIRST AID HINTS

STINGS. Mosquitoes, midges and bees.

These, although sometimes very painful, are not really dangerous unless the stings are very numerous or in a dangerous place, such as the tongue. They should be treated by applying an alkali, for example a strong solution of washing soda, or sal volatile. Bees leave the sting in the wound, and this should therefore be extracted before treatment.

WASPS.

As these insects inject an alkaline venom, their stings should not be treated as above, but the old idea of rubbing with onion is a sound one. Oil of peppermint is another way of relieving the pain.

BURNS AND SCALDS.

Minor burns and scalds may be treated at home. If the burn is under the clothing, remove it carefully, soaking it off if necessary with sodium bicarbonate dissolved in warm water. Apply some tannic acid jelly or gentian violet jelly and cover with lint, gauze or linen strips. Solutions of picric acid or acriflavine, although valuable applications, should not be used for children or extensive burns, and oily dressings, such as lanoline and olive oil, are not now recommended. Blisters should not be opened but left to the doctor.

In the case of severe burns, get a doctor immediately, keep the patient covered with blankets, and give hot sugared tea or coffee. The severe burn should be interferred with as little as possible until expert medical attention is available.

CUTS

Even a slight cut should not be neglected, otherwise complications may develop. The wound should be cleansed with warm water which has been first boiled, well dried, swabbed with tincture of iodine, and securely bandaged with a dry pad of lint or gauze. This dressing should not be disturbed until the cut is healed.

If the surrounding area is inflamed and the cut throbs, poisoning has set in, and a doctor should be seen immediately.

Page 19